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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

FOURTEEN

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FOURTEEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THAT'S ALL?

SOME SHOOTING, SOME YELLING...THEN NOTHING. I GAVE IT HALF AN HOUR, BUT NO ONE CAME BACK OUT.

YOU DIDN'T LOOK INSIDE? NO, SCRATCH THAT: YOU WERE TOO SCARED, WEREN'T YOU?

NOT...I MEAN...

YOU FAGGOT.

LITTLE NINA ORDERED THIS ONE. FIRST TIME SHE COMES TO US FOR SOMETHING THIS BIG, FIRST TIME SHE DEEMS US WORTHY.

WE GET IT RIGHT, WE GET MORE WORK, BIGGER PAYDAY EVERY TIME. WE FUCK IT UP...I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE FUCK IT UP.

HOLD ON, HALF AN HOUR? HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY DIDN'T SEE YOU WATCHING?

HOW COULD THEY?

I DON'T KNOW, HOW COULD THEY SURVIVE FUCKING POISON? HOW COULD THEY TAKE OUT TWO TEAMS OF SHOOTERS, HAND-TO-HAND?

THEY'RE *GOOD*, YOU STUPID SHIT. THIS IS THEIR FUCKING WORLD, THEY COULD ZERO A PRICK LIKE YOU AND FOLLOW YOU--

IS CUE FOR ACTION!

ZA RODINU! ZA HOYZAIN! IS TIME TO TASTE THE SAUSAGE OF LOVE!

WHAT THE *FUCK--?*

JINGS...!

MIKHAEL!

YOU RUN BUT NOT HIDE, COCKROACH! YOU ARE STAIN ON MOTHERLAND, SOON TO BE WIPED!

PUT HIM DOWN, MIKHAEL! DROP THE MOTHERFUCKER!

DA.

OOOH--!

YOU ARE *BIG BOY*, MIKHAEL...

VAS!!

BUT JUST BABUSHKA, REALLY.

HNNHH!

SHITE--!

QUICKLY, LITTLE HUGHIE! AFTER BOSS COCKSUCKER!

AAAAAAAAAAHH...!

HURRY! HE CALLS LITTLE NINA, IS ALL FOR NOTHING!

BUT-- WHAT--

HURRY!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE ARE, I MEAN WHAT'S--

DOES NOT MATTER! NINA UNLEASHES SUPES NOW, WILL BE BLOODBATH!

...SHIT.

THERE! 'MON, WE'LL GET HIM!

GAHH--FUCKING STRIPPERS--

YAAAAAAHH!

VAS--?

MOTHERFUCK *SHIT!* CANNOT RUN STRAIGHT WITH MASSIVE ERECTION!

GET HIM, LITTLE HUGHIE!

WHUFF!

FUCK!!

FUCKING GODDAMN--

NO!

AAAAAAHH!!

SHIT--!

YOU FUCKIN' CUNT, YOU WERE GONNA *SHOOT ME--!*

HNNGGHH!

YOU TIPPED HER OFF, DIDN'T YOU? YOU TOLD THE BITCH WE'RE ALIVE!

N-N-NYET--!

WHERE THE FUCK IS SHE?

NYET! *NYET!*

ENGLISH, YOU BASTARD! WHERE'S LITTLE FUCKIN' NINA?!

SORRY, LITTLE HUGHIE. BIG TITTIES ARE MY KRYPTONITE.

LITTLE HUGHIE...?

STOP THAT, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

STOP IT...

WHAT DID HE TELL YOU? WHERE IS LITTLE NINA?

I DIDN'T EVEN HIT HIM, JESUS, I'M NOT ONE O' THESE FELLAS GOES AROUND *TERRIFYIN'* FOLK...!

FOCUS!

SHE, SHE, AYE, HE TOLD HER WE'RE ONTO HER. SHE'S AT THAT HOTEL, SHE'S LOOKIN' FOR THE GUY FROM VOUGHT-AMERICAN.

SO SHE KNOWS--SHE CALLS THE SUPES TO SIC THEM ON US?

NO, THEY COULD NOT FIND US, NOT IN TIME. BILLY TELLS C.I.A., THEY TELL THE KREMLIN, WHOLE THING BLOWS WIDE OPEN.

ALL RIGHT... BUTCHER SAID VOUGHT WERE FUCKIN' HER OVER, THEY GAVE HER THE WRONG DETONATOR FOR THE STUFF IN THE SUPES' HEADS. BUT THE VOUGHT FELLA TWIGGED M.M. AN' THE OTHERS WERE FOLLOWIN' HIM, HE GAVE THEM ALL THE SLIP...

SO... NINA'S LOOKIN' FOR HIM, SHE CAN'T FIND HIM--HAS HE DONE A RUNNER, IS THAT IT?

THEN WHAT IS LEFT FOR LITTLE NINA?

...SHE'S GONNA RUN.

VAS, WE'VE GOTTA GET TO THE AIRPORT *NOW.*

AW BOLLOCKS, NO, NO, NO, NO--!

FUCKING BITCH.

AW, SHITE...!

NOW CAN GO ANYWHERE.

MISS NAMENKO, WE'RE WELL INTO THE CLIMB NOW, AS SOON AS WE LEVEL OUT YOU CAN--

SHUT UP, WILL YOU.

DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN.

Sneezex

NEVER SEEN HER AS PISSED AS THAT BEFORE.

WHY DO YOU THINK...?

DON'T KNOW. DON'T WANT TO.

JESUS, WE WERE OUT OF THERE LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL...

DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT, EITHER. HELSINKI IS THREE ZERO FIVE.

WHAT WAS THAT?

OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, IS SHE AT IT *AGAIN?*

AAAAAAHH!!

HOLY FUCK SHE'S GONE, SHE'S NOT EVEN--

AVIONICS ARE OUT.

NOT COMING BACK.

FUCK ME.

YOU PUT A *BOMB* IN HER *VIBRATOR...?*

KEEP IT DOWN A BIT, WILL YOU, HUGHIE? WE GOT FUCKIN' POISONED LAST NIGHT, WE'RE JUST TRYNNA DIE IN PEACE.

BUT-- BUT--BUT--

WHY...?

WELL THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CUNTS WERE GONNA STICK ONE IN THE COCKPIT, WEREN'T THEY? I THOUGHT FUCKIN' HELL, LET'S BY ALL MEANS GET RIDDA LITTLE NINA, BUT WHAT IF THE BLOODY THING COMES DOWN ON SOMEBODY'S HOUSE?

'LEAST THIS WAY THE PILOTS HAD A CHANCE TO LAND IT SOMEWHERE SAFE...

AYE, WELL YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THEY LANDED IT INTO THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.

SO DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME IT WENT OFF WHEN SHE STARTED-- USIN' IT--?

NO, WHEN SHE FUCKIN' SWITCHED IT ON! YOU'RE A BIT OF A SICK BASTARD, AREN'T YOU, HUGHIE?

SO, FIRST I SEE IF I CAN KEEP ME COFFEE DOWN, AN' THEN I GO AN' SEE MONKEY. WHICH JUST FOR ONCE I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO.

SO...?

WE'VE GOT VOUGHT BANG TO RIGHTS ON THIS ONE, BOYS.

TRYNNA OVERTHROW A SOVEREIGN GOVERNMENT'S ONE THING, BUT BACKIN' A COUP IN THE FORMER SOVIET UNION? COULDN'T BE BETTER. AN' WE'VE GOT A VOUGHT EMPLOYEE SCARED ENOUGH TO SAY SO, WITH ALL THE JUICY DETAILS YOU COULD HOPE FOR...

WHO...?

BLOKE I RAN INTO ON NINA'S 'PLANE. WOULDA BEEN TWO OF 'EM, BUT...ANYWAY.

WE'VE GOT HIM, ALL HIS EXPLOSIVES AND SURVEILLANCE GEAR--COMPANY SUPPLIED--AN' WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SUPES SHOT FULLA THE COMPOUND V DERIVATIVE. AN' NINA'S NOT AROUND TO COMPLICATE THINGS, IT'S JUST VOUGHT AN' THE CUNTS THEY WERE GONNA PUT IN THE KREMLIN.

RAYNER IS GONNA WET HER FUCKIN' KNICKERS...

SO WHO WAS IT GONNA BE?

NINA SETS THE SUPES LOOSE, THEY GO BUCK DAFT, NINA CAN'T STOP 'EM--WHO COULD? WHO WAS GONNA HAVE THE PROPER DETONATOR?

BLOKE CALLED JOSEF CHEMENKO. OLD-SCHOOL RED.

LAD ON THE 'PLANE WAS GONNA DELIVER IT, THAT WAS HIS NEXT PORT OF CALL.

LES COMMUNISTES? AVEC *VOUGHT-AMERICAN?*

MAKES SENSE IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

ONE, CHEMENKO DON'T KNOW WHO'S MAKIN' HIM THE SAVIOR OF MOSCOW, TO HIM IT'S JUST A SHORT-CUT TO THE TOP. TWO, HE'S ***EXACTLY*** WHO VOUGHT WANT RUNNIN' THE SHOW OVER HERE.

MEANS A NEW COLD WAR. AN' IF THE C.I.A. CAN'T PROTECT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE--FUCK, THEY CAN BARELY COPE WITH THE RAGHEADS--GUESS WHICH COMPANY'S SUPES'LL BE HAPPY TO TAKE ON THE JOB?

YOU ALL RIGHT, TERROR? YOU READY TO GO, MATE?

VAS, I'M SORRY...I KNOW THAT GUY MEANT A LOT TO YOU...

PLAN WOULD NOT WORK WITH LITTLE NINA. WHO WANTS TO REPLACE CORRUPTION WITH CORRUPTION?

BUT WOULD KILL HUNDREDS. THOUSANDS.

...FUCKING *GAMES,* LITTLE HUGHIE.

DOES NO ONE CARE ABOUT THE PEOPLE ANYMORE?

NO.

MAKES SENSE, LIKE BILLY SAYS.

YOU FUCKIN' WHAT?

I REALISE IT'S, UM...

LOOK, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE EYEWITNESS, JUST TELL ME WHERE--

SHE DOESN'T WANNA *PROCEED?* WE'VE GOT THE CUNTS OVER A BARREL, WE CAN HAVE 'EM SUCKIN' THE AGENCY'S COCK FOR YEARS...!

FUCK ME.

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO, DOES SHE?

SHE THINKS THEY'RE TOO STRONG TO TAKE ON FACE TO FACE.

SHE'S SCARED VOUGHT'LL SIC THEIR SUPES ON THE FUCKIN' C.I.A.

WELL SHE-- DIRECTOR RAYNER, SHE FEELS THAT A, THAT THE POLICY OF *MANAGEMENT* IS THE BEST ONE TO PURSUE...TO CONTINUE TO PURSUE...

OR THE FUCKIN' U.S.A.

RIGHT, MONKEY?

"WELL--I MEAN--ALL RIGHT, LOOK, YOUR OWN FEELINGS ON SUPES ARE WELL-KNOWN, AND, AND COMPLETELY JUSTIFIED-- BUT YOU CAN'T EVER HAVE THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE ABOUT *CONFRONTATION*...

"I MEAN NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD WANT *THAT*, WOULD THEY...?"

"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WANT, MONKEY. FOR YOU TO FUCK OFF."

"I'M JUST THE MESSENGER--"

"NO, I MEAN LITERALLY. FUCK OFF."

"I DON'T EVEN WANNA FUCKIN' LOOK AT YOU."

STAY.

SO FUCKING *BORED*...

WE'RE ALL FUCKING BORED. I FOLD.

HOW MUCH LONGER...?

YOU ONLY JUST ATE, WHY--

DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT GODDAMNED TIME IT IS...

OI! CUNTS!

OUT OF HIS FUCKING *MIND*--

ALL RIGHT, MATE?

?

MM-HM, HM-HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...

MM-HM, MM-HM, MM-HM, MM-HM...

MM-HM, HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

BUYIN' ME DUTY-FREE.

CHEERS, VAS. SEE YOU NEXT TIME, MATE.

AU REVOIR!

YOU TAKE CARE A' YOURSELF, HEAR?

AYE, LISTEN, IT WAS BRILLIANT MEETIN' YOU...

DOSVIDANYA, BOYS.

MM-HM, HM-HM-HM, HMMM-HMMM-HMMM...

MM-HM, MM-HM, HMMM- HMMM-HMMM- HMMM...

SEE YOU, COMRADE.

MM-HM, MM-HM, HMMM- HMMM- HMMM!

WHAT IS THAT? I'VE HAD IT STUCK IN ME HEAD ALL DAY, WHAT IS IT?

SCHILLER. DE BEETHOVEN NEUVIEME.

C'EST LE "ODE TO JOY".

ODE TO JOY.

THAT'S IT.

ODE TO JOY.

WELL, I IMAGINE NOTHING WILL HAPPEN.

FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS.

THEN THERE'LL BE A BRIEF REPORT ON THE DEMISE OF JOSEF CHEMENKO IN A CAR WRECK. CURIOUS THROWBACK TO COMMUNIST RUSSIA, NEVER A SERIOUS CONTENDER, MOURNED ONLY BY FRIENDS AND FAMILY... ETCETERA.

MIGHT LAST A THIRD OF A NEWS CYCLE, IF THINGS ARE SLOW ENOUGH.

NEVER PAYS TO UNDERESTIMATE THE C.I.A. THEY INVENTED THIS GAME, AFTER ALL.

US? WE STEP THINGS UP, OF COURSE. I'M SEEING VIC THE VEEP TOMORROW.

MM-HM...YES...YES, I'M SURE YOU ARE...QUITE THE CONTRARY, I LOOK ON IT AS HAVING BEEN EXTREMELY USEFUL. EVEN AN UNSUCCESSFUL MISSION IS A VALUABLE SOURCE OF INTELLIGENCE, SO LONG AS IT'S ANALYZED CORRECTLY.

I'M WELL AWARE WHAT HE HAS ON YOU. I KNOW YOU'RE CONCERNED. I ASSURE YOU THE MATTER IS WELL IN HAND.

YES... RIGHT...YES, I KNOW...

THEN AGAIN, HOMELANDER?

YOU COULD ALWAYS TRY GROWING A PAIR.

GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

conclusion